

THE

WRONGS OF AFRICA:

A TRIBUTE TO THE

ANTI-SLAVERY CAUSE.

BY MISS M. B. TUCKEY.

"Shall I not visit for these things? saith the LORD." — JER. v. 29.

SECOND EDITION.

PUBLISHED FOR THE

Glasgow Ladies' Emancipation Society,

By GEORGE GALLIE, GLASGOW.

M DCCC XXXVIII.

C.

18354
GLASGOW:

Printed by AIRD & RUSSELL, Buchanan Court,
75, Argyll Street.

TO

GEORGE THOMPSON, Esq.,

THE

UNWEARIED ADVOCATE OF THE SLAVE;

THE FEARLESS

AND UNCOMPROMISING DENOUNCER OF SLAVERY,

WHEREVER IT EXISTS;

THIS LITTLE TRIBUTE IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED BY

THE AUTHOR.

P R E F A C E
TO THE
F I R S T E D I T I O N .

THE first two Poems in the following Collection, were suggested to the mind of the writer, by circumstances connected with the visit of Mr GEORGE THOMPSON to the city of Cork, at the close of the last summer. The remainder were composed expressly for the Sale held by the *Glasgow Ladies' Emancipation Society*, on the 1st of January last, and following days, when they appeared on several ornamental articles, forwarded by the Cork Auxiliary, to their Scottish Sisters ; and at the request of the latter, they are now presented to the public, in a more distinct and better arranged form, corrected and considerably enlarged.

In acceding to the request of the Glasgow Com-

mittee, the writer is influenced chiefly by the desire to add her feeble effort to the impetus now giving, from a variety of quarters, to the public mind, on the great subject of Negro Emancipation,—which, as it is the cause of humanity, is likewise the cause of God: and if she should be favoured as the instrument of removing a single prejudice,—of awaking in a single bosom the feeling of sympathy for the oppressed and degraded African,—to HIM be the praise, from whom cometh the gift, and the will to consecrate it to His service.

M. B. T.

CORK, *6th March, 1838.*

P R E F A C E

TO THE

S E C O N D E D I T I O N.

THE writer cannot permit the second edition of the “WRONGS OF AFRICA,” to appear before the Public, without expressing her thankfulness for the favour with which the first edition has been already received. She would not be understood, however, as ascribing that favour to any extraordinary merit in the Poems themselves, but to the deep interest every where felt at the present “Crisis,” on the subject of Slavery. That such a feeling exists is a far louder demand for thankfulness, than could be presented by any selfish consideration whatever.

To the present edition, one Poem only,—the “Address to Britannia,”—has been added; and as the strong language in which that is expressed, has

drawn forth some observations from friends who have read it in manuscript, it may be well to assure any who are inclined to suspect the writer of an unwillingness to be “ subject to the higher powers,”—that she goes the whole length of the Apostle’s words, in her apprehension of the degree of subjection which is due. What that length is, this would be no place to inquire; but she believes it to be perfectly consistent with a fixed and unalterable determination on the part of the People, never to yield a passive submission to their Rulers, where any great and righteous principle is at stake; but in the use of every legitimate means, (which no constitution on earth provides more freely than our own,) to persevere—with ardour—with energy—with united feeling and united strength, unshaken by opposition, undaunted by difficulty, and unwearied by delay, until their object be “ *won*,”—or, by the thundering voice of an enlightened Public,—“ *wrested*” from the authorities of the land.

M. B. T.

CORK, 8th May, 1838.

THE
WRONGS OF AFRICA.

THE IRISH WOMAN'S APPEAL TO THE
FEMALES OF GREAT BRITAIN.

We dream'd we saw her fetters breaking,
We call'd our Negro Sister—FREE,
But from our pleasant slumber waking,
We find her yet in Slavery :
And Prisons, Bonds, and Scourges still,
Await her at her Tyrant's will.

Our Nation's Wealth so freely given,
Has purchased but our Nation's shame ;

And misery, that sounds to Heaven,
 Is taunted with an empty name :
 Then can we sit unheeding by,
 Nor pity when our Sisters cry ?

No—while our free-born hearts are swelling
 With joys no Slave can ever know ;
 And while our free-born tongues are telling
 The birth-right blessings we can show :
 Then let those hearts and tongues unite
 To seek our injured Sister's right.

Lift, like a trumpet, lift your voices,
 Mothers and Wives of Britain's Isle,
 Till every Negro Wife rejoices,
 And every Mother learns to smile ;
 And feels that feeling, now unknown,
 Her Child—her Husband—are HER OWN.

No empty dream—no passing vision,
 Again shall o'er our senses creep ;
 Till we have burst the Negro's Prison,
 And laid his fetters in the deep :
 And every Son of Afric be,
 That which his God has made him—FREE !

Women of Britain ! let us never
The cry for Liberty give o'er,
Till Slavery sinks—and sinks for ever,
And Man shall wear a chain no more :
Save ONE—whose lasting links shall bind,
In BONDS OF LOVE, all Human Kind !

“REMEMBER THEM THAT ARE IN
BONDS.”*

THE White Man tell me I was Free,
 Glad ear to him I gave ;
 But still me sit beneath the tree,
 A broken-hearted Slave :
 They take me Child—me Husband dear—
 None now to care for me,—
 Oh who, to see me weeping here,
 Could think that I was Free ?

Kind gentle Missee, far away,
 Over the wide wide wave,
 Me hear some Buckra Massa say,
 You sorry much for Slave :

* Hebrews xiii. 3.

Oh, tell Great Missee on the Throne,
 Of we beyond the Sea ;
Oh, say we yet in bondage groan,
 Although they call we Free.

Me sure, though She be very high,
 And we be very low,
She give a tear, and give a sigh,
 To Nigger's tale of woe :
Tell her, poor Nigger always pray
 That She no sorry be,
But if She pity much delay
 We die—and then we Free !

“FORGET ME NOT:”

A VOICE FROM THE WEST INDIES.

BEHOLD this azure star !
Sisters, it speaks to us ;
As from those sunny Isles afar,
It gently whispers thus :—

“Forget—forget me not,
Though man unthinking be ;
Yet never be the Slave forgot,
Oh Woman’s heart, by thee !”

Then blend we England’s Rose,
The Heath-bell of the Scot,
The Triple Plant that Ireland knows,
With blue “Forget me not.”

And as we bind the wreath,
Each on her Patriot brow,
Vow to be true, in Life or Death,
To Freedom's cause, as now.

PRAYER FOR THE NEGRO.

"LET the sighing of the Prisoner come before thee : according to the greatness of thy power, preserve thou those that are appointed to die."—*Psalm lxxix. 11.*

JESUS! from thy dwelling-place,
Look on Afric's captive race ;
While their bitter groans ascend,
Let thy willing ear attend ;
Thou, who never did'st deny
Pity to the mourner's cry,
Hear the Prayer we send to Thee,
Set the injured Negro free.

Man—a broken reed at best,
Wounds the hands that on him rest:
Human Power,—'tis empty fame;
He who trusts it—trusts a name:
Thou, who di'l'st for sin atone,
All unaided and alone,
Lo! in faith we turn to thee,
Set the injured Negro free.

THE DYING SLAVE.

"I die, and God will surely visit you."—*Gen. 1. 24.*

My cruel chain, I mourn not now
To wear thy galling link,
The damps of death are on my brow,
And fast my pulses sink.

And when this tortured frame shall lie
Within the silent grave,
'Twill little move my soul, that I
Have lived and died a Slave.

Slave!—I shall know the name no more—
As God's salvation—free!
Free—as an Angel's wing can soar—
I shall for ever be!

Standing before the Throne of Light,
 With Freedom's voice I'll sing—
 "Blessing and Honour, Power and Might,
 To Christ, the Saviour King."

Brethren in bondage!—Fare ye well;
 Too late,—too late for me,—
 The promised hour, whose voice shall tell
 The Negro he is FREE!

And thousands more my grave shall share,
 While Freedom's friends delay,
 Nor drop the fetters that they wear
 Till they have dropp'd their clay.

How long, Most Holy, Just, and True,
 Dost thou our blood behold?
 Nor rise th' Oppressor to subdue,
 As in the days of old?

Where is the power that led thy seed
 From Egypt's blighted plains,
 Their limbs from cruel bondage freed,
 Their souls from direr chains?

Where is the Mighty Arm that clave
The waters of the Sea,
And bade the wild unsteady wave
A wall of safety be?

Where is the Hand that brake the power
Of proud Assyria's Host,
Went forth at midnight's silent hour,
And laid their strength in dust?

Not shortened is Thine Arm to save,
Not closed Thine Ear to hear,
Soon for the crush'd and bleeding Slave
Jehovah will appear!

When Man shall own his strength is weak,
God shall exalted be,—
Our iron bondage HE will break,
And AFRIC SHALL BE FREE!!

THE CHRISTIAN SLAVE TO HIS TEACHER.

" Ye shall know the Truth, and the Truth shall make you free."

John viii. 32.

Ah! Massa, though they call we Slave,
This Blessed Book tell me
That Jesus came from Heaven to save
Such wretched Slaves as we!

And though the bondage very bad
That bind we now below ;
Yet even a Slave be very glad
When Jesus Christ he know.

Look, Massa, look! this iron chain
They bind about my neck,
I hardly think it give me pain,
When I can hear you speak!

You tell of Liberty and Peace,
Still on from day to day ;
Of see the Saviour face to face,
And He no turn away.

Ah! often sure my heart would break,
And I lie down and die,
If I no hear the word you speak,
How Jesus lives on high.

And Massa, when to Him I go,
Of Liberty I sing ;
My iron chain I leave below,
And SLAVE BE FREE AS KING !

THE AMERICAN SLAVE-SHIP.*

"Let the oppressed go free....break every yoke."—*Isaiah lviii. 6.*

No breeze the dark pine wood can wave,
In your proud Country of the Free,
But fans the bosom of a Slave,—
Slave,—of the "Sons of Liberty!"

Though brightly foams the feathery spray,
A gloom is on the sunny sea;
For the Pirate Slave-Ship wings her way,
Mann'd by the "Sons of Liberty!"

* For this piece, the writer is indebted to a young friend, who feels himself honoured in devoting his time and his talents to the Anti-Slavery cause.

The Stars and Stripes are at her mast,
But crimson must their shadow be,
For the Shark hath track'd her as she pass'd,
And hail'd the "Sons of Liberty!"

Look ye to Washington's lone grave,
And blush, that human eye may see
The turf, polluted by a Slave,
That shrouds the "Son of Liberty!"

Land of the West, one task is yours—
Bid the proud waters of your Sea
In triumph flow round happy Shores,
Trod but by "Sons of Liberty!"

C. E. N.

“THE VOICE OF THY BROTHER’S
BLOOD CRIETH UNTO ME FROM
THE GROUND.”*

No Wife's, no Mother's hand is there
To close his failing eyes;
Unsooth'd by Friendship's tender care,
The Negro dies.

He dies—not by the single hand
That gave the mortal blow,
His blood is on *our* guilty land,
 We bade it flow.

Britain, arise! and purge the stain ;
A Freeman's rights bestow,
Else God will burst the Negro's chain,
 And lay thee low.

OH THAT MY GRIEF WERE
THOROUGHLY WEIGHED!"*

HARK! from the West a voice of woe,
The wild Atlantic in its flow,
Bears on its breast the murmur low,
“ My Child is gone.

“ Like savage Tigers o'er their prey,
They tore him from my heart away,
And now I cry by night—by day—
My Child is gone.

“ How many an English babe is press'd
 With fondness to his Mother's breast,
 And rock'd upon her arm to rest,
 While mine is gone.

“ No longer now at eve I see,
 Beneath the sheltering plantain tree,
 My baby cradled on my knee,
 For he is gone.

“ And when I seek my cot at night,
 There's not a thing that meets my sight
 But tells me that my soul's delight,
 My Child, is gone.

“ I sink to sleep ; and then I seem
 To hear again his parting scream ;
 I start and wake—'tis but a dream—
 My Child is gone.

“ Gone,—till my toils and griefs are o'er,—
 And I shall reach that happy shore,
 Where Negro Mothers cry no more,
 My Child is gone.”

NO MORE SLAVERY!

LET hands and hearts united be,
To burst the galling band ;
Sisters, as *we* ourselves are free,
As *our* birth-right is Liberty,
So let the Negro stand :
And Slavery's tears no longer stain
The lustre of VICTORIA's reign.

She boasts her British subjects free
As their encircling wave,
And shall she cross th' unfetter'd Sea,
And stoop, in other lands, to be
The Monarch of a Slave ?
No,—She who sits on Britain's Throne
MUST RULE THE FREE,—THE FREE ALONE !

THE MURDERED SLAVE.

Planter.—“ What can Jesus Christ do for you now ? ”

Negro.—“ He teach me to pray for you, Massa ! ”

Authentic Anecdote.

He died beneath the lash,—his mortal frame
Could bear no more, and Death in mercy came !
Patient and calm his spirit pass'd away,
And now his body sleeps beneath the clay ;
His toils are over, and his weary breast
Has found, what Man in life denied him,—Rest.
Poor slumbering dust,—is there that passes by
And yields thy death the tribute of a sigh ?

The Tyrant tramples on thy lowly grave,
 'Tis but the ashes of a Murdered Slave!
 And even the more humane have learned to steel
 Their hearts, and think that only White Men
 feel!

But Jesus looked upon the scene of Death,
 And marked the Negro's last expiring breath ;
 Sustain'd that breath to speak a parting word,
 An humble witness for his Gracious Lord :
 And bade him, like the dying Prince of Heaven,
 Pray that his Murderers might be forgiven !
 The gloomy Vale he passed,—the pang was o'er,—
 He felt the lash of Slavery no more,—
 He dropp'd his quivering flesh upon the sod,
 And flew to meet his Saviour and his God.

They dug his burial-place,—and cast within
THE BLEEDING RECORD OF A NATION'S SIN:—
 No eye might dare to pity, or to weep,
 No fond affection there its watches keep ;
 The purple stain that told the deed was done
 Was bleached by midnight dews and noon tide sun ;
 The White Man trod as common ground the spot
 Where lay the Slave he MURDER'D and forgot.

— Yet there is hid a safe and sacred trust,
Angels are guarding the despised dust;—
And on that day when all the dead shall rise,
Shall bear their charge with shoutings to the SKIES.

ADDRESS TO BRITANNIA.*

ART thou Britannia?—She whose towering height
Rose o'er the Kingdoms—She whose giant might,
Bade Foreign Tyrants let their captives go
And laid the spoiler of the Nations low?
Why dost thou shrink, as if ashamed to meet
The sable suppliant kneeling at thy feet?—
And he, enslav'd and fetter'd tho' he be
Is great—is lofty—when compared with thee!—
—I see thy hand extended—it contains
A charter'd Falschood!—it declares his chains—

* These lines were originally written under a beautiful embossed representation of a Negro in chains, kneeling before Britannia, who has an extended scroll in her right hand, and is seated on a pedestal, on which appear the words—“*Pity and Protect the Slave!*”

Broken for ever by thy Sovereign will,
And yet behold ! he wears his shackles still !—
And thou hast rear'd a pedestal of pride
To swell thy now diminish'd form—or hide,—
It is an Iron coffer—where are told
Some Twenty Millions (!) of thy children's gold
To buy—What?—Freedom?—Nay—to buy a Name!
Which shall proclaim through Earth Britannia's
shame ;—
And tell the Nations, She who bore the sway
Is weak in purpose and in deed as they.
—Rise—rise Britannia, Queen of Liberty!—
Make all thy children like their Mother, FREE!
We ask not thy “ Protection for the Slave,”
'Tis Freedom!—'tis his Birthright we *must* have;
And never will we cease our just demand
Till it be won, or wrested from thy hand !

A D D R E S S.

ADDRESS

TO THE

WOMEN OF GREAT BRITAIN.*

DEAR SISTERS,—Deem us not obtrusive for thus venturing to solicit a few moments of your time, whilst we plead with you on behalf of 750,000 of your fellow-subjects, enduring all the horrors of Slavery, under the delusive name of Apprenticeship; and beseech you, by every means you may collectively or individually possess, to come forward in aid of the righteous object so ardently desired by every friend

* The Committee of the *Glasgow Ladies' Emancipation Society*, believing that this excellent Address, which has just been issued by the Darlington Ladies' Society for the Universal Abolition of Slavery, will be regarded as a suitable Appendix to the foregoing Poems, they gladly avail themselves of the opportunity of extending its circulation.

of justice and humanity,—THE COMPLETE AND EVER-LASTING ANNIHILATION OF THE INIQUITOUS SYSTEM, ON THE FIRST OF AUGUST NEXT.

Be assured it is no idle dream, no fictitious tale of woe, but the piercing realities of a dark catalogue of heart-rending truths,—the stripes, the scourgings, the lacerations of our enslaved, tortured, insulted, and degraded Sisters, which lead us with the soul-stirring energy of deep-rooted conviction, to appeal to our fellow-country-women, on behalf of those victims of a debasing and despotic tyranny, whose bleeding wounds alone are the tongues by which *they* can reveal their misery.

Be not afraid,—we ask you not *to do any* thing, *to unite in any* thing unbecoming your sex:—

“ Ours is not the tented field,
We no earthly weapons wield,
Light and *Love*, our sword and shield,
Truth our panoply.”

The cause concerning which we implore you to take an enlightened and christian view of your influence and responsibility, is the cause of God and of religion, of justice and humanity, of injured woman, and helpless childhood, of severed ties and broken hearts, of husbands and wives torn from each other's arms, of mothers robbed of their infants, writhing under the lash, subjected to the torturing and blood-extorting whip, condemned to work upon tread-mills of agonizing construction, for offences *the most trivial.*

To such a cause we respectfully invite your attention, and seek your co-operation : and we do so fearless of a refusal. We feel assured that the cries of the helpless and the suffering, who stretch their hands in their impotence, their benightedness, and their wee, towards Britain for succour, must penetrate the hearts of British Females—we feel assured, that nothing more is wanting to enlist your sympathies and your energies in this cause, *peculiarly WOMAN'S,* than to convince you that it is in your power to aid

it—to endeavour to do this, is the object of the present address.

Most of you are doubtless aware, that the passing of the Act of abolition in 1833, and its ratification by the payment of twenty millions of British treasure, was hailed by the friends of humanity, as the dawn of a new era upon the sons and daughters of wretchedness and woe, throughout the dependancies of Great Britain. They fondly flattered themselves that their beloved country, so long polluted with the sin of Slavery, had at last, and *for ever*, washed her hands from the blood of her children. But alas! evidence irresistible, accumulated, and incontrovertible, has awakened the nation from its delusion, and proved the indisputable reality of the fact, that Slavery is abolished only in *name*, whilst its horrors yet exist in unmitigated rigour, and with even increased atrocity.

To obtain redress from these grievances, and to

secure to the insulted Negro, those rights and privileges which *now* are his in a twofold sense,—*his* by inalienable birth-right, and *his* by the payment of so princely a sum to his master,—vigorous and energetic exertions are making throughout the kingdom.

In these, dear Sisters, you can bear a part. *Example* does much. Evince your attachment to Anti-Slavery principles, and approve yourselves before God and the world, by giving your name and influence to some Society established to uphold and diffuse them.

If none such exist in your town or neighbourhood, lose no time in urging the formation of one. Be not discouraged at the smallness of your number. If but half a dozen, whose hearts are warm in the cause, would act in concert, form themselves into a Committee, appoint a Treasurer and Secretary, and establish themselves as guardians of the Negro's interests, they would speedily see in how many ways they might

advance his cause. Funds might be raised for the printing and circulation of books and tracts, calculated to inform the public mind, and to keep alive and increase the zeal and sympathies of the nation ; pecuniary aid extended to those Societies who have incurred heavy responsibilities, and are sustaining an active and effective agency ; and that knowledge disseminated which alone is wanting to arouse the nation to demand, as with the voice of one man, the deliverance of their fellow-subjects from the prison-house of bondage. Numerous FEMALE Associations already exist in England, Scotland, and Ireland ; some of which have carried on their operations for many years with persevering and praiseworthy energy.

Rejoiced as we should be to witness the formation of such in every town of our empire, yet we would entreat you, dear Sisters, to recollect that united exertions are not *exclusively* available—that individual efforts may, and have been found to be eminently serviceable in this holy cause. Be not dismayed,

therefore, however contracted your sphere, or however little you may seem to have in your power; *do that little*, and remember that it is not great or mighty deeds which approve us in the Divine sight, but the diligence and alacrity with which we employ those means placed in our hands. Strive to interest your friends at a distance, stimulate them to send up petitions,—general and congregational,—from every town, village, and hamlet, in their respective neighbourhoods; recommend them to promote the circulation of the valuable periodicals published in elucidation of the subject; and assure them, that in affording pecuniary aid, however small, they are effectually serving a cause, in the propagation of which heavy expenses are necessarily incurred.

Some, there may be, who are labouring without hope, and may seem to themselves to be spending their strength in vain. Let not such abandon the work in despair. *Duties* are ours,—*consequences* are in the hands of the Omnipotent. Our duty is to sow

the seed, the great Husbandman can alone give the increase. Though no present success may seem to crown our efforts, they may be as bread cast upon the waters, which shall one day return, bringing a rich harvest with them.

Let us then, one and all, persevere in “the confidence of hope.” Let us each faithfully labour in spreading those principles of eternal truth and immutable justice, which shall break the neck of the demon monster of Slavery, not in West India alone, but throughout the whole habitable globe. But Christian philanthropy and love, we would affectionately remind you, know nothing of geographical limitations. Confine not, therefore, your views and your sympathies to the British dominions. As children of Him who hath made of *one* blood all the nations of the earth, recognize in the human form, wheresoever it presents itself, a Man and a Brother, a Woman and a Sister. Let the cause of the *Slave* be *your* cause, wherever he breathes; be-

neath whatever clime his sufferings may be realized. Keep yourselves, and as far as possible those around you, informed of the state and condition of the 5,500,000 of your fellow-beings, held in bondage by professing Christendom,—and of the odious and diabolical *Slave Trade* to which this gives rise, and which, as there is increasing evidence to prove, is now carried on to an extent nearly, if not quite as great as ever, and under circumstances of unprecedented enormity.

Extend your encouragement and co-operation to your Transatlantic Sisters, who are regarding neither reproaches, difficulties, nor dangers, in labouring to redeem their country from that blot on her escutcheon, which retains 2,500,000 of her children in Slavery. This noble-minded band ~~see~~ your sympathy in their trials and successes. Your letters of counsel and encouragement would always receive a grateful welcome, and would shed joy and gladness over hearts plighted to the bleeding Slave, yet often

saddened and cast down by the frowns, and opposition, and persecution, they have to encounter. Every such expression of feeling for the sufferer and the sufferer's friends, and every faithful remonstrance with his oppressor, would be productive of great good to the cause of human freedom, in a land keenly alive to British sentiment.

Dear Sisters, in solemn anticipation of that day, when the Negro, his friends and his foes, shall stand before the one Judge and Father of all, we fervently desire that to you, and to each of us, the approving sentence may be awarded, "She hath done what she could."

In conclusion, permit us to express our ardent hope that, "under a constraining sense of duty, you will gird on the panoply of God, and go forth to the holy war of light, and truth, and love, against those principles which make and keep so many millions of your race, *Slaves.*" Fear not the voice of

ridicule or censure ; follow the dictates of those sympathies which the God of nature hath implanted in your bosoms ; defend the defenceless, succour the oppressed, plead the cause of the innocent, manifest your allegiance to Him, the distinctive badge of whose disciples is *love*,—love to the whole human family,—and prove that you joyfully exchange the admiration of the world, for the blessing of the perishing.

Signed on behalf of the Committee of the Darlington Ladies' Society, for the Universal Abolition of Slavery ;

A. D. MILLER,
ELIZABETH PEASE, } *Secretaries.*

To those who desire further information, we strongly recommend, "Sturge and Hervey's West Indies in 1837," the "Narrative of James Williams," a liberated Apprentice; and a "Statement of

Facts," by an eye-witness; also a Pamphlet entitled, "Slavery in America, being the reprint of an Appeal to the Christian Women of the Southern States, by Angelina E. Grimke, a native of South Carolina." The introduction to this last Pamphlet, is from the pen of that indefatigable friend of the Negro, George Thompson, Esq. To it we are indebted for many hints contained in this Address.

MARCH, 1838.

GLASGOW :

Printed by AIRD & RUSSELL, Buchanan Court,
75, Argyl! Street.